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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.  
AND  
Miss LOUISA SAVILLE.  
A NOVEL.

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

In which is introduced,  
The History of JULIA HARWOOD.

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Oh! when such pairs their kindred spirit find,  
When sense and virtue deck each spotless mind,  
Hard is the doom that shall their union break,  
And fate's dark pinion hovers o'er the wreck.

SEWARD.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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## INTRODUCTION.

PASSING, a few months since on my way to *Paris*, through *Avignon*, I accepted the invitation of a friend to continue a few days in that city, which, from the polished urbanity of its inhabitants, the excellence of its police, and its remains of antiquity, possesses peculiar attractions for a traveller.

Being one day with my friend in his library, — the writings of

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STERNE, RICHARDSON, and FIELDING, ranged on the same shelf with those of ROUSSEAU, MARMONTEL and D'ARNAUD, produced a conversation on the comparative merits of these celebrated novelists, in the course of which he took occasion to direct my attention to two portraits painted in enamel, the frame of which was ornamented with several emblematical figures, the most striking were, a cupid in a pensive attitude, supported by an urn, and on the other side, a hymen, his torch reverted, and pointing to the portraits, under which was subscribed

## INTRODUCTION. vii

scribed the following line from  
POPE,

“ O may ye never love as these have lov'd !”

My friend anticipated my enquiries by saying, “ I perceive you take  
“ an interest in those whose por-  
“ traits are before us, and doubt  
“ not but you would be gratified by  
“ the recital of their history, but it  
“ would revive the memory of  
“ scenes I wish to forget, and renew  
“ the poignancy of recent affliction.  
“ These memorials,” putting into  
my hand the letters, which form  
the following correspondence,  
“ contain the particulars of their  
A 4 “ lives



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“ lives and misfortunes, which,  
“ if you think sufficiently interef-  
“ ing to appear in print, you are  
“ at liberty to make public.”

I now publish them without re-  
trenchment or alteration, save that  
obvious and necessary one, — of  
suppressing the real names of the  
parties, some of whom are yet  
living.

The heart of sensibility will feel  
realized in the letters of FALK-  
LAND, and LOUISA, those scenes  
of nature and passion, which the  
illustrious ROUSSEAU has delineat-  
ed in the loves of St. PRIEUX and  
JULIA.

THE EDITOR.

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# H I S T O R Y

O F

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

A N D

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

A N O V E L.

---

L E T T E R I.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

**S**UBDUED by solicitude and grief,  
— view me, Louisa, the victim of  
a passion hitherto concealed and  
unavowed.

A 5

Behold

Behold these eyes, the silent,  
yet express oracles of love, and  
from them ascertain my present  
feelings — see them sunk and hol-  
low, dim, downcast and set; my  
lips, pale and dry — recal to your  
memory, that trembling, that soft-  
ened voice, these faltering accents  
in which I am wont to address  
you — recal those passionate ex-  
pressions formed by a combination  
of grief, desire and admiration.—  
The colour has fled my cheeks,  
and is supplied by a deadly pale-  
ness, sleep forsakes my pillow —  
When I behold you, when you  
are but named, or aught awakens  
your



your dear remembrance, at that instant my heart raised and agitated, my pulse unequal and irregular, attest your influence. — I seek for rest in vain, I fly from place to place in the fruitless search — now a chilness, like the cold hand of death, benumbs and oppresses me — now excessive and ardent heat fires and consumes me — now bold and determined — again, languishing and dejected — overpowered, destroyed by that passion, which, deriding alike the skill of the physician, and the precepts of the philosopher, finds no remedy but in annihilation or love — but I

can proceed no farther — I must conclude with the artifice of the Grecian painter, conceal what I cannot describe.

**CHARLES FALKLAND.**

**LET-**

LETTER II.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ

T O.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

**D**ID the artist who first represented *love* with a veil, thereby intend to denote the blindness of that passion?—No, Louisa, —we must suppose him to have arbi-

arbitrarily assumed to his pencil, an idea unwarranted by nature and truth, — or, that conscious of the weakness of his art, he disguised what he could not delineate? — The vivid colourings of the pencil which transfer to the canvas the beauteous imagery of animated nature — The pen of the poet, when the powers of genius, and the divinity of love, combine to inspire, to exalt, to enkindle and inform, “ glancing from heaven  
“ to earth, from earth to heaven,” are unable to represent or express the passion of love in its power and effects.

Recal

Recal the hour, my Louisa, when  
I declared to you my love, — when  
your fond, your ardent assent  
united to crown and to confirm  
our passion! — recal the state  
that preceded this, when “con-  
“ cealment, like a worm in the  
bud,” consumed and undermined  
me, you best can conceive what  
you have felt in common with  
me, that secret, that conscious  
attachment, suppressed, like mine,  
by diffidence and doubt; then it  
was, that subdued by tedious so-  
licitude and grief, — on the brink  
of despair, — memory cherish! —  
love



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love eternize the fond idea! —  
my adored Louisa approved my  
passion, and confessed her own!

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

LETTER III.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.,

**L**OVE! delusive, insidious divinity! restore to me that peace, those pure and tranquil enjoyments of which thou hast deprived me!—Ah! justly have the fictions of the poets denominated

minated thee father of the Gods!  
it is thou that enslaves and subdues  
the soul! slowly and impercepti-  
bly insinuating and dispersing the  
subtle, the delicious poison! steal-  
ing upon us with a sweet and  
gentle, yet irresistible influence!  
— Such, Falkland, were the  
alluring harbingers of our love,  
— happy but in your presence,  
delighting only in your converse,  
fancy incessantly presenting your  
image to my soul, embellished  
with her richest attire, heightened  
by her loveliest colourings! —  
The feelings that announced the  
commencement of our loves, were  
of



of that exquisitely pleasing sort, which yield a foretaste of the calm and equable bliss of immortal beings. — The cold and severe principle of female prudence and reserve, yielded, it no longer condemned, it approved and encouraged.

But the scene is changed, — behold the reverse of the picture! My soul is no longer moved by gentle and delightful agitations, the fire is kindled, — the flame which burns and devours me, is raised. — Your once tender, mild, and unassuming image, is become insolent and imperious, it intrudes  
upon

upon me, and mixes with every idea,—all other objects, all other passions are absorbed and concentrated in it. — Conceive the extreme of elemental discord, the waves agitated and tossed by storms, lightning and thunder issuing from the clouds, light and darkness contending! — thence form an adequate idea of the fierce convulsions which rage within me. — Obedient but to the impulse of passion, I follow only its guidance, every sense fascinated and entranced in the potent delirium.

LOUISA SAVILLE.

LET-

LETTER IV.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

**I** Sink beneath the pangs of absence, — inquietude and perturbation pursue me, amusement and pleasure lose their attractions. — The visits of my friends become importunate and troublesome ;  
silence

silence and solitude alone possess charms conformable to the temper of my soul. The woods, — the brooks, — inanimate nature ; — to these I fly for relief, — to these pour out my soul, — call you to my remembrance, anticipate the joys of our meeting, the subject of our fond and passionate discourse.

LOUISA.

LET.

## LETTER V.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

WHAT resolutions I had made of reproaching your unkind, your cruel disappointment of yesterday! I determined to forget, — to renounce you. — Vain resolutions! which a word, a look from you, can dissipate! proud, determined, eloquent before; when you appeared, I became humble, timid, and lost the power of utterance; my previous  
resolves



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resolves appeared to me but as the  
impressions of a dream. — Your  
presence is to me like the chearful  
day which succeeds to the dark-  
ness and discomfort of night, a  
new spirit illumines and is dis-  
persed through my soul; pleasing  
pain! gentle ravishment! — But  
whither doth my passion lead  
me! —

I speak I know not what;  
Speak ever so, and if I answer you  
I know not what, it shows the more of love:  
Love is a child that talks in broken language,  
Yet then he speaks most plain.

LOUISA:

LET-

LETTER VI.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence,  
Else, who could bear it?

**A**BSENCE, my Louisa, is the  
lover's night, darkening joy,  
and rendering pleasure vain and  
abhortive, aggravating and aug-

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menting •

menting every evil, and, as the glorious luminary of day to the natural world, which from it receives light and animation, is the presence of lovers to each other. —

The God of love hath shot his pow'ful fires  
Into my soul, and my whole heart receives him.

Sweet and tranquil are the beginnings of love, like those winds which gently stir the bosom of the unruffled deep in smooth and serene undulations; — but soon changes and is tossed by storms and tempests. Thus the soul at  
the



the birth of love, the beloved object lightly imprinted, excites few and pleasing emotions. — But soon insinuating itself, at once subdues and tyrannizes over every faculty.

CHARLES.

LETTER VII.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

TO

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

FALKLAND, complain! is not  
Louisa held in the same soft  
enthralments? does she not em-  
brace those charms which hold her  
in pleasing bondage? participate  
the tender anxieties, the inquietudes,

tudes, the emotions inseparable from love? — and is not that implicit obedience which love exacts, that mild dominion he exercises, the tribute he requires from his votaries? to murmur at his attendant pains, whilst he confers on us the highest bliss, were to declare ourselves unworthy the protection of the divinity!

LOUISA.

B 3

LET-

LETTER VIII.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

**Y**OU misrepresent the noblest  
and the best of passions, perfect  
love is a state of tranquil happiness,  
of ineffable bliss, the passions which  
proceed from it have  
not,

not, like all others, discordant and contrary motions. It is love only which absorbing all other passions, assimilates and likens them to itself. Joy, desire, and hope, are the accompanying passions of love, they imprint equable and similar emotions, free from tumultuous and unequal agitation. Such, my Falkland, is the harmonious operation of love on the soul, that when the passion has subsided, and its object is no longer remembered, the mind retains the soft impression, and its ideas, attuned by the influence of love, flow in an even and peaceful



series ; as the instrument, though  
 be no longer touched by the  
 fingers of the musician, yet do  
 its strings continue to prolong  
 the sound in harmonious and ac-  
 cordant vibrations.

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER IX.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

TO

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

**D**IVINITY of love! presiding  
over nature! and with pre-  
serving care pervading all its  
works, but for thy humanizing  
influence, society had not been  
superior to the beasts, it is thou

B 5                      that

that civilized and polished them. Spring of the noblest principles that adorn, ennoble or dignify humanity! source of virtue and of science! bereft of thee, civil society would become an imaginary good! to thee we owe all we possess valuable, and from thee may obtain all we want, — even the means of converting the evils of life into causes of felicity!

Time! ever obnoxious to lovers! — absent, thou creepest with the pace of the tortoise, — present, thy flight is as that of the bird of Jove!

Whence



Whence this long and tedious absence? the lingering moments accuse thy stay, the dull and vacant intervals is passed in fond complaints, and anxious wishes.—Love is ever suspicious and full of doubts, in proportion to the ardour and sincerity of the passion.

——— Falkland

Has a soft, susceptible heart, as prone  
To yield its love to ev'ry sparkling eye,  
As is the musk-rose to dispense its fragrance  
To ev'ry whisp'ring breeze, perhaps he's false,  
Perhaps Louisa's wretched!

LOUISA.

LETTER X.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

——— See Louisa,

Ah! see! how round you branching elm the ivy  
Clasps its green folds, and poisons what sup-  
ports it;

Nor less injurious to the shoots of love  
Is sickly jealousy. ———

**E**Ncourage not these dangerous  
doubts, nor suffer for a mo-  
ment ideas at once unjust and un-  
kind to occupy your breast.

The

AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

The bond of love is mutual confidence, when distrust or doubt enters, affection is endangered, if it is long entertained, with secret but certain effect it destroys love, — like the worm which slowly mines the plant till it decays and perishes.

When the image of Louisa ceases to possess sole and unrivalled the heart of Falkland, it will be then only at the moment when “ Life’s last ling’ring pulses  
“ cease to beat.”

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

LETTER XI.

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

T O

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

**I**NDULGING in the anticipation of felicity, invoking love to propitiate our passion, and present with each revolving year a succession of delights, — is the fond and ardent wish, which at the commencement

mencement of the new year, I send to Louisa.

In our last conversation you expressed a desire of seeing a translation of the ode of Sappho, I now transcribe it for you, the tenderness and sensibility of the poetess is indeed well represented in this version, by Phillips, and is much superior to any translation of it which has ever appeared.

I.

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee;  
And hears and sees thee all the while,  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas



II.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,  
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;  
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

III.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung:

IV.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play,  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

The story that has been trans-  
mitted to us of Antiochus and  
Stratonice,

Stratonice, fully justifies the great reputation in which Sappho was held, as it also best attests her knowledge of the human heart, and of the passion of love.

**CHARLES FALKLAND.**

**LET-**

LETTER XII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

THE lines I sketched on my tablet when walking with you yesterday in the shrubbery, and the pathetic descriptions of Richardson, excited our sympathy, are as follows; I shall only observe that the  
sentments

sentiments being yours, the poetical dress in which they are now presented, is all they owe to me.

Immortal Richardson! in whom we find,  
That perfect knowledge of the human mind;  
Which, with unerring skill explores the source  
Of reason's principle, and passion's force:  
As in a mirror, we our likeness view,  
And own the transcript drawn from nature, true.

Much injur'd fair! with saints and martyr's claim  
An equal virtue, and an equal fame;  
In life, in death, thy excellence display'd,  
Their toils diminish, and their glories fade!  
View her expiring and triumphant gain,  
The vict'ry o'er temptation, peril, pain.

There (whilst distress its melting pow'r  
combines,)  
Th' unshaken majesty of virtue shines,  
Meek resignation, fix'd on heav'n her eyes,  
To sooth th' enanguish'd soul, successful tries,  
Whilst hope with bright anticipation cheers,  
And faith, divine religion's strength, appears;  
Crown her last moments with serenest grace,  
Th' auspicious surety of eternal peace.

You

You desire my sentiments, on the comparative merits of our English novelists, with those of Italy and France, the pretensions of the former are very inconsiderable, the latter\* may better contend with us for the palm of superiority.

But the modern novelists of France inherit too much of that affectation, (for so it may be termed in opposition to nature,) which distinguished their predecessors, Scudery, Huet, &c. they frequently delineate the passions with truth, and excite the tear of sensibility, in a great degree, — but in their most  
pathetic

\* Fielding, Richardson and Smollet, excepted.



pathetic scenes, these is still somewhat that abates the interest which the heart would take in the representations of fictitious woe, like injudicious painters, in their attempt to imitate nature, they overcharge the picture, their intention is counteracted, and their performance tends more to the ludicrous, than it does to excite sensibility.

The intimate connection that subsists between the language and manners of a people, has been often remarked; the language of France is truly characteristic of  
its

its inhabitants, and here they possess a decided superiority over us, their language being peculiarly appropriated to tender sentiment. — Whilst ours, partaking of that strength, vigour and unaccommodating character which distinguishes its speakers, discourages whatever tends to softness or delicacy of expression, — if we have a Richardson, a Fielding, and a Smollet, the French have their Crébillon, Marivaux and Rousseau, — all these writers treat of the passions in the most masterly manner, but, if we except the last mentioned inimitable genius, the  
 French

French novelists are ever in excess; whilst they profess to raise and refine the passion of love, they often reduce and debase it, by the most disgusting indelicacy.

But Rousseau, — in whose captivating page the heart of sensibility finds its own sentiments, such as the susceptible soul of the writer prompted, as his own feelings dictated; here we behold genius with-drawing the veil from nature; whilst she inspires his descriptions and guides his delineations, to the tenderness and sensibility of Sappho, he has united  
the

the sublime morality of Plato; in his immortal work we behold the union of love and philosophy, behold virtue rendered more attractive by the influence of that passion which uniformly exalts, refines, and harmonizes its object; the lessons of wisdom, no longer harsh or unlovely, find a ready admission into the bosom of her enraptured votary.

For the rest, — excepting the last divine genius, the happiest production of the wits of France cannot be put on a parallel with the *Clarissa* of Richardson; to the French writers may be allowed

lowed the palm of wit and sentiment, but to the English, that power of representing the passions, which offends by its indelicacy, is over-charged by superfluous ornament, or deficient in just and accurate delineation,—the rosy bloom of health, that adorns the cheek of rural innocence, is far more attractive and engaging, than those colours that set off meretricious beauty,—whilst the French writers affect to exhibit and decry vice, they but render her more alluring.



Vice is a monster of so odious mein,  
That to be hated, needs but to be seen ;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

LETTER XIII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

**V**ANINI, the celebrated philosopher, was wont to affirm “that every hour was lost “which was not spent in love;” —this sentiment, from the grave and severe son of science, is in-

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deed striking, and justifies the observation of Plato, who said, 'that no human being was ever wholly exempt from its influence, and that at one time or other its effects must necessarily be felt.' Congreve has thus paraphrased the opinion of Vanini.

Life, without love's a load, and time stands  
still,

Whate'er we take from love, to death we give;  
And then, then only when we love, we live.

Love flourishes alike in every  
clime, in the frigid regions of  
Zembla, and beneath the torrid  
fervours of Eastern skies, society  
in

in its most rude and uncultivated state, and in its highest degree of polished refinement, feels its influence, which ever refines and improves, as, on the contrary, whatever discourages it, tends to enbrute the species, and weaken the bands of social life.

When I think of the passion that unites us, I am persuaded that there exists in nature a principle which, attracting conjenial souls to each other, forms an unaccountable, though an apparent, union, — that sympathy which has been defined to be the A, B, C, of love, and without which the

most estimable and amiable qualities, and all the charms of beauty, are unnoticed or unfelt; else whence that immediate attachment which so often rises from a casual meeting, whilst revolving years witness the unsuccessful and hopeless suit of others? Whence that unerring prescience, that sudden impulse, which informs the soul, as if by inspiration, of whatever concerns its kindred object, whether of evil or of good? though mountains rise, and seas roll between them, the sympathetic principle continues to operate in the communication of mutual sensations.—

This



This idea is no where so justly and beautifully illustrated than in M. Dorat's admired *Hymnè au Baïfèr*. Here love and philosophy unite to confirm the hypothesis.—M. Dorat applying the idea of the *Kiss*, to that principle of attraction which is supposed to pervade all matter.

Surely, Louisa, our souls were designed by heaven to be united to each other, and if, as it is said, the souls of lovers were joined in a pre-existent state, and, that the passion which unites them here is but a renewal of that which they before enjoyed,

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I may say with Sebastian in the  
play of Dryden, who seems to have  
adopted the notion,

"Sure our two souls have somewhere been  
"acquainted."

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ,

TO

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

“ A kind of weight hangs heavy at my heart  
“ My flagging soul flies under her own pitch,  
“ Like fowl in air too damp, and lags along  
“ As if she were a body in a body,  
“ And not a mounting substance, made of fire.  
“ My senses too are dull and stupify’d,  
“ Their edge rebated : sure some ill approaches,  
“ And some kind spirit knocks softly at my breast  
“ To tell me fate’s at hand.” —

**I**N vain I call reason and reflection to my aid ; in vain endeavour to dissipate those visionary  
C 5                    terrors,

terrors, those englooming and enanguishing ideas which intrude upon me, and oppress my soul, — surely they are the harbingers of fate! — Yet, let fortune's blackest asperity assail me, — so she leaves me Louisa, in whose loss I should alone be vulnerable, and every defence be rendered weak and unavailing.

I have for some time observed a great alteration in your father towards me, an unusual coolness, in place of that affectionate and communicative manner in which he was wont to receive me; blank reserve, and ambiguous civility,  
and

and the thin veil of ceremony, is substituted, — expressive rather of the distrust and aversion of an enemy, than of the candour and unsuspicion of friendship, — I can only thus account for it; the political principles of my father and those of Mr. Saville, are unfortunately opposite to each other, and the present aspect of public affairs is such, as rather tends to widen than to conciliate their differences; the mind, heated on such occasions, loses sight of every other consideration, and the bands of friendship, the most endearing ties, are dissolved.



But whatever may result from the present state of things, no change can diminish our passion ; in every vicissitude of life the same ; that mutuality of soul in which our loves originated, that constancy and truth which confirmed and preserves it, shall remain, unsubjected to the causes that impair and destroy affection less sincere, love less ardent than ours.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

L E T-

LETTER XV.

COLONEL EDWARD SAVILLE,

T O

WILLIAM HENRY FALKLAND, ESQ.

S I R,

**D**IFFERENCE in opinion,  
or conduct, is most to be  
lamented, and is indeed most  
deeply

deeply felt, when it tends to dissolve a connection cemented and confirmed by long and reciprocal friendship. Our union, Sir, was not of that sort which was subject to be affected by light or transient causes ; but the decided part you are about to take, on a question which at once involves the hazard of our liberties, and the safety of our rightful sovereign, leave me no alternative, but that of prompt obedience to the mandate which interdicts me and mine from all intercourse or correspondence with such as countenance

tenance and support the present rebellion.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

EDWARD SAVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

**P**ROPHETIC, my Eleoner, have  
been the visions which lately  
visited my broken and interrupted  
slumbers; the horrors of the last  
can be equalled, but by what I  
suffer



suffer from the sad prospect of its realization!

A dream o'ertook me at my waking hour  
This morn; and dreams, its said, are then  
divine.

I had passed the night in that state of restlessness, and anxious discomposure, which prompts and encourages gloomy reflection, and is often the ominous fore-runner of calamity. Oppressed and wearied, sleep fell upon me towards the dawn. — Why was it not eternal! why awake from the ideal agonies of fancy, but to be shocked with  
the

the prospect of real misery! — The shrubbery rises to my view, thither Falkland and I direct our steps, interchanging the reciprocal vow, and indulging in all the luxury of tender and impassioned sentiment. Seated on the bank which commands the vale, we enjoyed one of those interviews known but to love like ours; reclined on the bosom of Falkland, our hearts communed in mutual throbbings, whilst the emotions of passion filled our souls, and overflowed in tears.

It was now the close of evening, the departing splendours of the setting

setting sun, gleamed on the western sky, and gilded the fleecy clouds that moved along it, presenting a scene divinely picturesque. The wind was hushed, and scarce wafted the fragrance which it imbibed from the wild flowers that grew in profusion around us. The moon now rose, and threw her mild and quivering radiance through the branches under which we sat, — suddenly the scene changes and presents to our view a wild, desolate and hideous; the sky is over-cast, and the gloom of night envelopes every object; the lightning's flash, the thunders roll around us, the  
heavy

heavy and oppressive blasts assail us; we stand amazed and terrified, enfolded in each other's arms; — flash of lightning gleams a temporary day. — I see my father; he advances towards me, his pace slow and solemn, his countenance expressive at once of sorrow and displeasure; I lose sight of him. — The lightning again presents him to my view, his face pale and disfigured with wounds and blood. — I extend my arms, and advance towards him in silent anguish; — he disappears; — at this moment, a ruffian, with an aspect and demeanour fierce and terrifying, approached, seizes me,

me,—I cling to Falkland, am torn from his arms,—my efforts awake me,—awake me to horrors! my eyes suffused in tears, excited by the dreadful and agonizing portraiture of fancy,—and my heart still throbbing with fear and terror.

Nine o'Clock.

LUCY acquaints me that my father desires I may attend him in his closet, she has learnt from his valet, that he last night received some letters, per express, in consequence



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sequence of which a messenger was immediately dispatched to his brother now in Hampshire.

LOUISA SAVILLE.

LET-

LETTER XVII.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

**M**Y passion for Falkland received its birth in the bosom of peace and happiness, and grew to maturity beneath the approving sanction of my father, who destined our union as the cement of  
of

of an hereditary friendship. His harsh commands would now sever us for ever; — it shall not be; — the voice of parental authority, my Falkland, may be against thee, may oppose our union, its power may tear me from thee; but can it separate souls commingled, affections entwined like ours? Can it efface thy loved image from my fond, my doating remembrance! render forgotten each reciprocal vow, or cancel the sacred engagements of indissoluble love! — No, the termination of our loves shall be that of thy Louisa's existence! the earth that enwraps her faded and lifeless form,

form, shall alone witness the extinction of her flame, and still the throbbings of a heart devoted to the adored object of her love !

I have been reading the pathetic tale of *Sigismunda* and *Guiscard*, and for a moment lost, in their misfortunes, the sense of mine. My sighs, my tears, forgot their proper and immediate object, and the impassioned tribute of sympathy, was paid to the unfortunate lovers, the unhappy victims of a father's rage. — Suppose me at the moment, when perusing that passage in which *Sigismunda* is represented by the poet in the same

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attitude as she appears in the painting of *Corregio*.

Mute, solemn sorrow, free from female noise,  
Such as the majesty of grief destroys ;  
For bending o'er the cup, the tears she shed  
Seem'd by the posture to discharge her head  
O'erfill'd before ; and oft, her mouth apply'd  
To the cold heart, she kiss'd at once and dy'd.

LOUISA SAVILLE.

LET-



LETTER XVIII.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

THE fatal interview is past,—  
obeying my father's summons,  
I attended in his closet; when I  
entered, he was seated, his face was  
turned from me; but his attitude

was that of pensive and profound thought. — He appeared anxious and discomposed ; — at this moment my eye caught the portrait of my mother that lay before him. — You remember her, her features, though regular and fine, were marked by strong and characteristic melancholy ; methought they now seemed heightened, and expressive of compassion and sorrow, inspiring thoughts at once predictive and painful. — I had entered the closet unobserved ; and averse to intruding on, or disturbing my father, had continued fixed and silent ; — an involuntary sigh  
now

now announced my presence ; — the countenance of my father exhibited dejection and disquietude. — His anxious thoughts prevented him from observing my disordered appearance, my face pale, my eyes dull and red, and yet glistening with the recent tear. — My father pressed my hand, and regarded me with looks of anxious solicitude and affectionate fondness ; — a parcel of papers lay scattered before him, on one of which was written — “ Codicil to the will of Edward Saville, Esq.” — Quick as the lightning’s flash, which, at once seen and felt, carries dismay

and death; my soul anticipating at once the cause of this writing, and the evils of futurity, recoiled from the explanation it now expected. — A pause ensued, whilst, suffocated almost with anguish, I sunk on the bosom of my father, who, with a voice tremulous and mournful, delivered me a sealed paper, saying, —

“ This, Louisa, contains my  
 “ advice and instructions of equal  
 “ import and concernment to both  
 “ our honours, I shall not add  
 “ happiness, as they are uniformly  
 “ productive of, and attendant on,  
 “ each

“ each other : and may the con-  
 “ sideration that in these, you re-  
 “ ceive, perhaps, the last injunc-  
 “ tions of a fond parent, give them  
 “ force and efficacy.” —

\* \* \* \* \*

I am now in my chamber ; the  
 letter is yet unopened ; I dread its  
 purport — is it my fate, or na-  
 ture's weakness, that inspires these  
 fearful anticipations of ill ? that  
 prompts the incessant sigh ? the  
 continual tear ? that shocks my  
 aching sight, and shakes my sad,  
 my presaging soul, with fancy's



ideal terrors ? — Misfortune is ever most painful in its approaches. — The mind depressed, and diffident of its ability to sustain the conflict, shuns the retrospect of the past, sinks beneath the pressure of the present, and recoils from the prospect of the future.

LOUISA SAVILLE.

LET.

LETTER XIX.

EDWARD SAVILLE, ESQ.

TO

HIS DAUGHTER LOUISA.

**T**HIS, LOUISA, is the birth-day of your father, anxious as I have ever been to promote and secure your happiness, I arrive at the completion of my fiftieth year,

D 5 with

with the full enjoyment of beholding in you every anxious care requited, every fond expectation realized; — I have lived to fulfil the last wishes of your mother, who now survives in her Louisa. — I have led you through the weakness of helpless and tender years, to the present state of maturity, when youth and beauty are guarded and adorned by those endowments of the mind, which ennoble, dignify, and embellish.

I enter on the prosecution of my duty to my king, with a mind resigned and resolved; — contemplating, indeed, with regret and  
emotion,

emotion, the moment that is to separate me from thee. — But my country now requires, that I expose, perhaps devote, in its defence, that life, which, in the enjoyment of freedom and felicity, it hath protected and prolonged, to an age when the mind beholds the satisfactions of life recede, and the terrors of death approach with indifference and tranquillity.

You are now to learn, that Falkland; as *your* lover, is no longer the object of my choice or approbation; as a man and as a Briton, he has alike forfeited my regard and estimation, viewing, as I

do, in him, an avowed, an active adherent to the cause of rebellion, the advocate of despotism, the foe to civil and religious freedom, with whom an alliance would stain and dishonour us. I admit the difficulty of the sacrifice; but it will the better ascertain your duty. My will is unalterably fixed; and remember, that if foolish affection for an unworthy object, should seduce you to disobedience, — you shall, in me, find a ROMAN FATHER. — But Louisa will not, cannot, stoop to dishonour, by a base connection with him, who may shortly be opposed to her father



father in the field, and perhaps  
point the sword which is raised  
against his life.

EDWARD SAVILLE.

L E T-

LETTER XX.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

THE displeasure of my father  
avowed, — our union for-  
bidden, — Louisa commanded for  
ever to renounce thee! —

But

But thinkest thou I can for a moment hesitate on the alternative? — Between love and duty, the conflict is short. Love, from the moment it takes possession of the heart, renounces all obligations, abjures every tie, that comes in competition with its interests, or opposes its dictates, — to Falkland the heart of Louisa is devoted, and to that attachment every other consideration is dependant and subordinate.

Heaven itself inspires those, at once tender and powerful impulses, that, with resistless force, urge the soul towards the object of its love,  
col-

collecting and centering to one point, the affections of the heart.

Think not so poorly of me, be not so unjust to me, as to suppose that my love for you can suffer change or abatement. — Love is independant of fortune ; the malevolence of which serves but to confirm it. — The soul in possession of its beloved object seeks for no addition to its felicity, in whatever condition of life my attachment to Falkland may fix me ; — nothing, possessing him, can add to my happiness, and misfortune will come unheeded or unfelt: 'tis love only that thus possesses the power of  
 shedding

shedding over the ills of life, that  
lenient and assuaging influence,  
which converts them into enjoy-  
ments.

LOUISA.

LET-



LETTER XXI.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

TO

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

— Horror ! horror !

The pen of fate, dipt in its deepest gall,  
Now writes th' event of this tremendous day.

**F**LY to me, Eleoner; you only  
can enable me to support this  
dreadful interval; — each ray of  
chearful hope is obscured by gloomy  
pre-

presentiments of ill. — Ere now the fatal question is determined: — the lover of Louisa! — the Author of her being! — My soul recoils — the pen falls from my hand. —

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis now midnight, — I try to rest, — sleep flies me — I rise, and walk forth into the garden — the silence and solitude affright me — lost in thought, I stop, as if it were from the impulse of some invisible  
and

and directing power, at the spot where the parting tear of Falkland was shed, where his last farewell was uttered,

A messenger arrives. — I go to receive the annunciation of my fate !

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

CAPTAIN WATSON,

T O

GEORGE SAVILLE, ESQ.

CARLISLE.

S I R,

**W**HILST every heart around  
me swells with joy at the  
late decisive and glorious victory  
(could the idea of glory be an-  
nexed

nexed to the horrors of civil contest) I sit down to the melancholy office of communicating the particulars of your excellent and regretted brother's death. The duke of Cumberland, having put himself at the head of the army, marched forward, whilst the enemy retired at his approach, still proceeding in his pursuit, he at length had advice that the enemy had advanced from Inverness to the plain of Culloden, and there intended to give him battle. It began about one o'clock in the afternoon; after the enemy had stood our fire for some time, they at length became impatient for  
closer



closer engagement, and accordingly attacked our left wing. The regiment which Colonel Saville commanded was that against which they principally directed their onset. He fell at the first discharge, having received a ball in his breast; I was then a few paces from him, and had him carried into the rear of the line, where he expired. I shall visit you in a few days.—Though the rebellion is now suppressed, the horrors of military execution continue; and the whole country round, presents an uniform scene of slaughter, desolation and plunder.—Why should thus rigour, revenge,

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revenge, and prejudice, under the  
mask of justice, and the love of  
freedom, — exercise deeds shocking  
to humanity !

W. H. WATSON.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

**T**HE fatal event that subjects me to the heaviest of calamities is decided, — exile from my country! — separation from Louisa!

Dire misfortune! had Heaven, still leaving me Louisa, condemned

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me to suffer these severe afflictions, I could have supported them, and even converted them to the means of joy and satisfaction; but to be dissevered from her who alone can render life desirable! — Here only was I to be overcome, and here hath the malevolence of fortune assailed me.

When I reflect on my present situation, my soul is stung by the poignant sense of its miseries: what were our feelings when we last parted! no more, as we were wont, meeting beneath the sanction of a parent's smiles; our forbidden vows were interchanged in solitary secrecy;

crecy ; and, amidst the shades of night, when our hearts denied us the power of utterance, and tears and sighs supplied the place of words ; when our souls, with anxious and painful prescience, anticipated the dire event that hath denounced our separation ; when my reluctant and tardy steps so oft withdrew, and so oft returned—those unnumbered repetitions of the last farewell ; — and the idea of the danger that impended during our interview, was lost in that of our separation.

Yet here, surrounded by perils, prest by calamities, amidst the an-



guish of distress, and the gloom of hovering despair, I receive, from the assurance of Louisa's constancy, a consolation on which my soul reposes, whilst every other support is withdrawn.

I entertain a hope, that when the violence of contention and party subsides, and humanity resumes its sway, that I shall be again restored to my country, and to those felicities, the privation of which, in the cheerless misery of exile, I must till then deplore.

Write often to me ; in the interchange of sentiments let us keep alive that flame which though  
naught

naught but death can extinguish;—  
yet, like the hallowed and perpetual  
fire which religion consecrates, love  
should be kept alive by the pure  
and unremitted offerings of im-  
passioned sentiment.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LETTER XXIV.

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

TO

EDWARD GORDEN, Esq.

THE event of yesterday obliges me to become a fugitive from my country, — to you I commend my love, my Louisa ! friendship, such as yours, tried, disinterested, ardent, is alone worthy so great a trust :

trust: in you, and in Louisa, is my  
chief consolation and support in  
the dire extremity to which fate has  
reduced your unfortunate,

CHARLES FALKLAND.

E 4

LET-

LETTER XXV.

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

TO

GEORGE LENOX, Esq.

MARSEILLES.

AFTER many dangers and difficulties, I am safe in this city with my father, who is dangerously wounded. — We look forward to the arrangements our present



sent situation requires. — I had foreseen and prepared for the event of a project in which I engaged, though repugnant to my principles, but which were, in this instance, sacrificed to the will of my father—besides our possessions in the funds, and the bank of St. George at Genoa, I had some time since made considerable remittances to our friend at Marseilles; your affectionate apprehensions that we had not secured a competence from the wreck of our fortune, and your proposal of following us hither, becoming a voluntary exile, and appropriating your fortune to our joint use, is an in-

stance of generous friendship, perhaps unexampled ; — 'tis such as Lenox, that alone possess the power of smoothing the path of affliction, and divesting adversity of its terrors. I remain sincerely yours,

CHARLES FALKLAND.

L E T.

LETTER XXVI.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

AVIGNON.

I Yesterday received a parcel from  
you, the books it contained  
were very acceptable. Our English  
historians record events, exhibit  
scenes, and delineate characters,  
E 6 with

with that manly vigour of language, and liberality of sentiment, congenial and peculiar to the minds and manners of their countrymen, and which, indeed, truly to relish, it is necessary to live under the auspicious influence, and invigorating power of a free government. Despotism uniformly tends to extinguish every idea of liberty, and to repress every effort of the human mind for the assertion or recovery of its rights, the advocate for freedom, and the slave, the man of genius, and he whose understanding assimilates to the instinct of the oxen which he tends, are alike sunk and depressed in

in ignoble servitude. — Let us for a moment suppose the operation of that active spirit, which pervades, animates, and supports nature, to be suspended; the effects would present a horrible but just parallel to the fatal languor, the sluggish and inert uniformity produced by despotism. The æra of freedom in every state, has been that of its political and literary greatness; the same propitious combination of aspects produced a *Pericles*, a *Thucydides*, a *Sophocles*, a *Demosthenes*; and again a *Cæsar*, a *Livy*, a *Virgil*, and a *Cicero*. — An enthusiast on these points, I run into digression when-



whenever they occur ; the reverse of fortune which severed me from my country, has not deprived me of those principles which constitute the character of a Briton. The expiring wish of the famous *Paul* to his country, shall be mine; *Esto perpetua* ! — But I fear, my friend, the period of her glory and greatness approaches. — The degeneracy of the national character announces its declension.— Methinks I behold the shades of those heroes, whose valour and conduct have led her fleets and armies to conquest, and extended her empire, hover o'er their devoted country, and prophetically  
sigh

figh forth the fate that awaits her—  
When late at Rome I revolved a-  
midst the mighty ruins of her mag-  
nificence, the former greatness of  
that mistress of the world. — Alas!  
my Lenox! how vain the boast of  
human pride! — The *Roman em-  
pire*, the work of ages, reared by  
the joint efforts of consummate po-  
licy and enterprizing valour, ruined  
in a shorter period than that of her  
war with *Carthage*: — this is a  
scene no Briton can contemplate,  
unmoved; the comparison rushes  
on his mind; he traces the  
striking, the affecting similitude in  
the

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the causes of their rise and down-  
fall !

What does not fade? the tow'r that long  
had stood,

The crush of thunder, and the warring winds,  
Shook by the slow, but sure, destroyer, Time,  
Now hangs in doubtful ruin o'er its base :  
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,  
And tott'ring empires rush by their own  
weight.

New worlds are still emerging from the deep,  
The old descending in their turns to rise.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

AVIGNON.

THE venerable, the revered character, under whose paternal care we grew together from youth to manhood, is no more! — He expired yesterday in the arms of  
Sal-

Salvador. — He had been in the morning on his customary visit to the monastery of St. John, and on his return had retired to the arbour, which, when you were last here, he was employed in forming, and which his affection had consecrated to the loved memory of my mother. Thither he would often withdraw, and indulge in the luxury of fond remembrance.

Salvador observing his master's stay prolonged without, — went into the garden after him, — habitude had rendered them, as it were, intertwined and necessary to each other's existence, like the  
strings



strings of an instrument, of which one being touched, communicates to another, a correspondent vibration. — Salvador, with some impatience, waited my father's appearance, employed in the mean time, planting some herbs which the good abbot had that morn given my father from the garden of the monastery. — The arbour was situated at the end of the garden ; the eglantine and woodbine, which grew around, rendered it impervious to the view from without. — Salvador approached it ; — near the entrance he perceived an hyacinth, to which his  
master

master had devoted some attention the preceding day, and transplanted to its present place, broke, and lying on the bed of box that lined the walk. — Circumstances the most trivial, possess, at certain times, the power of strongly affecting the mind; Salvador's had been agitated and oppressed with a presentiment of ill. — It had now received a confirmation equal to that which, at another time, the apparent agency of a superior being could have communicated, as he stood anxious and unresolved, a groan issued from the arbour; — he rushed in, his master lay motionless and extended  
on

on the ground. The domestics, alarmed by Salvador's cries, came to his assistance, and carried my father to his chamber. The skilful and humane Le Cras arrived too late to afford any effectual relief. — He joined the good abbot in prayer with their dying friend, who shortly expired.

At the time of my father's decease, I was absent at Aix ; — this reflection aggravates my loss. — Yes ! ever honoured and lamented Sire ! fate, uniformly extreme in its malevolence, refused me the sad consolation of receiving and registering in my heart, thy dying counsels,

sels, thy last injunctions ! of soothing thy departure by attentive cares ! of administering to thy wants, of anticipating thy wishes ! Grateful, melancholy duties ! of which filial love and piety is alone capable, parental affection alone susceptible !

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

LETTER XXVIII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

*Avignon, July 7.*

MY father was this evening interred in the burial ground of the chapel of St. James. —

O! spare his grave, ye proud! the mould'ring  
clod

No marble covers, but a simple sod ;

Near



Near where its withering arms the ancient yew  
 Leans to the east, and drops the hoary dew :  
 There on the sward I saw them rest his bier,  
 (By faith forbidden, starts one human tear)  
 Some sons of virtue, (be they ne'er forgot.)  
 Trod with a pausing step, the silent spot,  
 On Heav'n their eyes they cast, their hopes  
 rely'd,

Father thy will be done!—they said, and sigh'd.

My father had delivered to  
 Salvador, some papers for me;—  
 they are yet unopened;—I avoid  
 whatever tends to encrease the mea-  
 sure of my grief. — Salvador is in-  
 consolable; I have so used to con-  
 nect the image of my father with  
 that of this faithful and venerable  
 domestic, that his presence renews  
 the

the poignant sense of my recent loss. This morning, entering my study, Salvador was there, his attitude was that of sorrow, his right hand pressed his bosom, — on my approach he silently withdrew. — The picture of my father lay on the table, it had been the subject of Salvador's meditation; it was wet with the recent tribute of his grief.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LETTER XXIX.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

AVIGNON.

**T**H E day," says Homer, that  
" makes a man a slave,  
" takes from him half his  
" worth."—The political state of  
this country justifies the observation  
of the poet ; here despotism sheds  
its

its baneful influence around, and every object exhibits its deplorable effects; the inhabitants, unconscious of the freedom and dignity of human nature, or fearful of asserting it, are levelled in indiscriminate ignorance, misery and subjection.

I, though fatally engaged in an unfortunate cause, supposed inimical to the principles of freedom, would yet convince my friend, that even in this land of slavery, I can entertain ideas becoming a Briton, and an advocate for the inestimable blessings of liberty.

Liberty is equally essential to the production, as to the preserva-

tion, of whatever constitutes the dignity or the happiness of mankind.

In proportion as the influence of despotism extends, so is whatever constitutes the dignity of human nature degraded and depressed ; — the flame of genius, the ardour of patriotism, are alike extinguished.

When will mankind, aroused to a sense of their rights, unite to assert and vindicate them ? When shall the friends of humanity behold the fabric reared by despotism subverted ? Or when will monarchs, obedient to the sacred trust committed to them, make the welfare of their people the object



object of their cares ? Abolishing those odious establishments, renouncing those opinions, by which the honour, happiness, and interests of the subject are held as opposite to those of the prince ?

But sovereigns now emulate not the glorious examples of a *Trajan*, an *Antoninus*, or a *Henry*.—

O ye, to whom Heaven hath delegated its power upon earth, and to whom it hath said, “ I have  
 “ given you the supreme authority  
 “ amongst your fellow-creatures,  
 “ exercise it but with a view to  
 “ the promotion of their felicity.”  
 — Why, depart from the divine

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mandates of HIM whose vicegerents  
ye are ?

In modern Europe we behold arbitrary government daily extend its influence ; — but, perhaps, as some assert, the progress of this worst of ills, originates in the depravity of mankind ; and, indeed, the present state of society in some measure justifies the reasonings of those I have above adverted to ; and the tame submission, the insensibility we every where behold, indicates mankind corrupt and lost to the sense of their most invaluable rights, to acquire and preserve which, their progenitors bled.

We

We behold the potentates of Europe pursue one uniform system of arbitrary policy ; and agree in removing from the view of each other's subjects, whatever vestiges of freedom are yet remaining ; — indeed, having deprived them of the reality, it may be admitted as an act of *mercy*, that they endeavour to remove whatever might revive the idea of their loss ; or augment their infelicity.

Hail ! Heav'n born LIBERTY ! divinest pow'r,  
That actuates the soul, or fires it on,  
To deeds of fame eternal !

CHARLES FALKLAND.

F 4

LET-

LETTER XXX.

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

TO

GEORGE LENOX, Esq.

AVIGNON.

**I** HAVE for some time expected letters from England — D'Aubigny is on his way home. I am impatient for his arrival. — I am solitary,

solitary, though in the midst of society. — The unmeaning visits, the disgusting forms of condolance I daily suffer, and which are substituted for the real effusions of the heart, the sincere and tender tribute of real sympathy, aggravate affliction. — You, Lenox, know my heart, its strength and its weakness, “tremblingly alive all o’er :” often have I sought in the resources of your philosophy, the palliatives of affliction : — and the exquisite enjoyment which flows from the pure and sublime source of friendship, at once sympathizing and participating in the pains and pleasures



of its kindred soul. — Write to me, Lenox ! you, whose life forming the noblest comment on the precepts of philosophy, can inspirit me with those aids of wisdom, which best prompt, invigorate and support the soul under the pressure of misfortune.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

L E T-

LETTER XXXI.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

AVIGNON.

SINCE the death of my father,  
the desire of leaving this city  
increases, every object tends to re-  
new the memory of the past, and

F 6

excite

excite feelings the most poignant enanguishing.

Yesterday being alone in my study, and oppressed by the intrusion of some retrospective ideas, to banish them, I opened the orations of Demosthenes ; — my eye caught that heroic epigram on the brave Greeks who fell at Chæronea,

Their *parent country* in *her bosom* holds  
Their wearieft bodies.

Ah! Lenox! conceive my feelings, when at that moment, memory

———— ingenious to revive  
Each scene of woe, and teach the past to live,  
pre-

presented in painful detail my misfortunes. — I view the scene of our decisive overthrow ; am again in the midst of the battle — see the horrors peculiar to civil war. — Fathers opposed to children — brothers to brothers : — the arm which nature had bade to preserve and defend, now plunging the sword in the bosom of an once loved object. — I behold the venerable and sacred mansion of my father's in flames, and the remorseless soldiery spreading slaughter and devastation around. — Such were the events which the casual observation of a passage in Demosthenes called to my

my remembrance, inspiring emotions not less painful than the real objects had supplied. The event of the oration, by which Æschines was condemned to banishment, heightened the effect of this interesting picture.

My soul, struggling to resist or dissipate misfortune, finds its powers unequal to the conflict,—and sinks with additional weakness from every exertion. Like the enfeebled and dejected captive, who by an unavailing effort to regain his freedom, confirms the fatal security of his bonds, and renders his sufferings more intense and severe.

CHARLES FALKLAND.



LETTER XXXII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

AVIGNON.

D'AUBIGNY is arrived ; —  
this amiable Frenchman is  
endeared and united to me by si-  
milarity of temper, and in some  
respects, by familiarity of fortune;  
of

of the latter, the detail which is interesting and affecting, shall be the subject of a future letter; when Aubigny is with me, I can bear to contemplate your happiness in the bosom of your native land; my regrets diminish, and I, for a time, forget that I am an alien and an exile.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

LETTER XXXIII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

AVIGNON.

A GREEABLY to a former  
promise, I send some memoirs  
of our friend Aubigny.

*Memoirs of Monsieur D'Aubigny.*

“ Joseph Louis Sancerre was born  
in the city of Marseilles, his family  
was

was ancient and noble; in his youth he contracted an intimate friendship with a gentleman of the same city, named Antony Peter La Font; equality in years, likeness in their persons, and sympathy in inclinations, induced and confirmed their friendship.

“ But frailty and weakness is inherent in man! this mutual attachment so entire and perfect, is to be broken and converted into bitter and irreconcilable enmity.

“ Sancerre had a sister named Henrietta. — La Font was yet young, and a novice in the art of love; but nature, that powerful  
ful

ful and efficacious preceptor, soon instructed him in its principles—viewing, with fond and passionate admiration, that lustre which beamed in silent expression from her eyes—those cheeks in which the lilly and the rose contended for superiority, he at once conceived and declared his passion. He was assiduous and constant in the prosecution of his suit, confident of success from the wealth and influence of his family, he called to his aid all the soft and endearing allurements of love, presents, solicitations, promises, &c. but in vain: his addresses were rejected.

“ He



“ He had now recourse to his friend Sancerre ; he represented to him the fervour and violence of his passion, conjuring him by that friendship which had long united and endeared them to each other, to become his advocate with Henrietta. Sancerre, though great his attachment to La Font, well knew that in some essential points, the character and conduct of his friend rendered him an unsuitable husband for Henrietta, whose mild and amiable qualities were totally the reverse of those of La Font.

“ But Sancerre’s judgment, misled and blinded by his friendship,  
lost

lost every other consideration in that of advancing La Font's suit ; his endeavours, however, to persuade Henrietta, to soften or remit the inflexible obstinacy with which she resisted his addresses, were without effect. She continued absolute in her refusal. And at once, to terminate his hopes and his solicitations, she charged her brother to communicate to La Font her determination of declining any future visits from him : at the same time intimating, that her affections were engaged to another.

“ Concerned as Sancerre was, at the unsuccessful result of his  
com-

commission, he ceased to importune Henrietta upon the subject; only requiring from her the name of her lover, which under a promise of secrecy she told him.—His name was Henry Stephen D'Aubigny, a gentleman of Marseilles, of a rich and distinguished family. — Sancerre, without extenuation or reserve, except that of suppressing D'Aubigny's name, delivered to La Font the answer of Henrietta, which at once destroyed his hopes and expectations.

“ La Font, enraged, distracted by the violence of his passion, which, however unsuccessful, was  
cer-

certainly ardent and sincere, attributed the failure of Sancerre's application to lukewarmness and neglect — deprived of reason, consulting only his passion, and impelled by anger and revenge, his friendship for Sancerre was at once converted into implacable hatred and abhorrence ; and he accordingly embraced every opportunity of treating his friend with the most marked contempt and indignation.

“ Sancerre seen with regret his dearest friend, for whom he would have sacrificed life and fortune, not only alienated from him, but become his declared and inveterate foe.

“ La



“ La Font, setting no bounds to the gratification of his passion, now invented and circulated various falsehoods tending to calumniate the characters of Sancerre and his sister, and which proved to both of them a source of abundant uneasiness, and anxiety. Whatever affection Sancerre had for La Font, the growth of long and uninterrupted friendship, and however great his reluctance to proceed to extremities, there remained no alternative, but that of calling upon La Font to explain his proceedings, and either contradict or confirm his base insinuations.

“ Sancerre,



“ Sancerre, attended by one servant, went to the house of La Font, and charged him with uttering certain expressions reflecting on his own and his sister’s honour.— La Font, without embarrassment or hesitation, acknowledged the charge ; adding, that his hand was as ready to confirm, as his sword to justify it. — They then parted.

“ Henrietta had awaited the return of Sancerre with anxious impatience ; she rushed into his chamber in tears, demanding the result of his interview with La Font. — Sancerre, as humane and tender, as generous and brave,

concealed his design of calling forth La Font — assuring her in general terms, that the difference would shortly be decided equally to her honour, and his satisfaction.

“ Sancerre and La Font met next day at some distance from the city, in consequence of previous appointment ; stripping to their shirts, and tying their horses to an adjacent hedge. Without speaking to each other, they both drew and fought ; after interchanging several thrusts, Sancerre wounded La Font in the sword arm ; and at the same time received himself a dangerous wound in the right side.

side. — They pause, and renew the combat; Sancerre again wounded La Font, who dropping his sword, lay at the mercy of his antagonist; but the generous and noble soul of Sancerre, disdained to stain his honour by a mean advantage; he flung away his sword, and ran to the assistance of La Font; who, burning with fury, shame and revenge, seizing on the sword of Sancerre, plunged it into the bosom of its owner. — He immediately left the place of action — the surgeons who attended were witnesses to this proceeding, but could not prevent it.

“ The fatal event of this meeting was soon known at Marseilles; the family of Sancerre, and Aubigny, were equally inconsolable. — Lovers and friends are only known in adversity. — Aubigny sees the only brother of his beloved Henrietta slain, and she, through his death, overwhelmed with grief, a prey to poignant anguish.

“ La Font, in the mean time, triumphed in his perfidy, but dreading the penalties of the law, and the just resentment of the relations and friends of Sancerre, he left Marseilles, and embarked for Nice, where he supposed himself safe.

Hen-

“ Henrietta still continued to indulge her sorrow for the death of her brother ; — time, which diminishes the force of misfortunes, refused hers, its usual alleviation. — Nor were the sufferings of Aubigny inferior to those of the object of his love, his affection for her was deeply rooted, her beauteous image was indeliably imprinted in his heart, and was ever before him.

“ He had hitherto concealed from his father his passion for Henrietta, the inequality of their rank and fortunes, would, he feared, by his father, be made an un-



surmountable objection to their union. — He, however, ventured to discover his attachment, and to ask his father's consent to their marriage. His request was refused, with a considerable degree of displeasure.

“ Other motives, independent of avarice or ambition, weighed with the father of Aubigny, in refusing his concurrence to an union with Henrietta. He feared that the late duel, and the proceedings of La Font, might involve his son in some disaster. And apprehensive that, notwithstanding his disapprobation of Aubigny's

bigny's passion for Henrietta, that the violence of his love might prompt him to disobey his commands, and urge him to some desperate measure, he determined to abridge his son's liberty, and preclude him from the possibility of acting contrary to his will.

“ Having previously settled his design, and engaged two resolute assistants to second him in its execution, he one evening ordered his carriage to be ready at an appointed hour, and proposed to his son a short excursion into the country. Aubigny fell into the snare, and was that night lodged in the

castle of Vincentre, with a charge to the keeper to hold him under the restraint of the place, till further orders.

“ Let lovers judge, for none else can, the effect of this cruel and unexpected separation. The grief of Henrietta for the death of her brother, had been so excessive, as to leave few hopes that she would survive this additional stroke. She pined. — The rose which bloomed in her cheek, was now supplanted by the deadly hue of the lilly. The lustre of her eye obscured and dimmed. Her heart was a prey to immoderate sorrow.

Her

Her parents and friends beheld her approach to the tomb, without the power of relief or remedy.

“ Meantime Aubigny was equally the prey of sorrow and sickness. Bereft of Henrietta, betrayed at once into the loss of love and liberty, — he wished but for his enlargement, to seek La Font, and at once avenge the sufferings of Henrietta and his own.

“ He made frequent but unavailing attempts to obtain his liberty; he was compelled to suffer and endure the aggregated misery of suspense and uncertainty, and

the tedious torment of confinement. — At length an opportunity of writing to Henrietta offered ; he embraced it. — She received his letter — but too late ; — it found her at the point of death. — Her answer, dictated by the most ardent and passionate fondness — only increased Aubigny's grief. — She died, a few days after she had dictated this last effusion of passionate attachment to Aubigny, a martyr to love, in the arms of her afflicted parents.

“ The father of Aubigny, inflexibly severe, and determined in the prosecution of his purpose, —  
was



was the only person to whom the death of the amiable and beautiful Henrietta was not a subject of affliction. His joy rose in proportion to the grief of her relatives and friends. He now restored his son to liberty. But she, who alone could render life desirable to Aubigny, she who reigned unrivalled in his affections, and in whom all his happiness centered, was no more ! — Transported and impelled by passion, and awake but to revenge, the object of his love was for a while forgotten; forsaking the effect, he now pursued the cause.

“ He embarked for Nice, where finding La Font, he immediately challenged him; the former, conscious how disgraceful and unfavourable to him the grounds of the quarrel were, wished to avoid the meeting; the fear of that *retributive justice*, which soon or late, is certain and inevitable, — gave him to apprehend, that as he was fated to kill Sancerre, so Aubigny was fated to kill him.

“ At length he accepted of the challenge, the issue of which was, that he was worsted; and, falling on his knees, begged his life of Aubigny, who surveyed him  
at

at the moment, with a mixture of anger and disdain, now inexorable and determined to sacrifice him to the manes of Henrietta and her brother. — But again, scorning to blemish his valour and reputation, remitted his vengeance, and spared the forfeited life of La Font.

“ They returned together from the field ; and Aubigny prepared for his departure from Nice.—But La Font revolving in his mind the disgraceful concession which the good fortune and bravery of Aubigny had extorted from him, envy and revenge filled his soul,  
and

and forgetting the generosity of a rival to whom he owed his life, he determined to requite the obligation by depriving Aubigny of his, whom he one evening, in concert with two ruffians, waylaid. — Aubigny defended himself with resolution and address; killed La Font himself, and one of his confederate assassins; the other suffered the punishment, due to his crime, upon the scaffold.

“ The tender remembrances of Aubigny’s love, its fond regrets, for a time suspended, now revived with double violence and effect. Henrietta filled his soul, and engrossed

grossed every faculty, urged by the fervent and predominating impulse of impassioned grief. — He went at the silent and solitary hour of eve, to the place of her interment, secretly bedewed her tomb with tears, and poured forth the incessant sigh — — proceeding disapproved, indeed by reason! — but are her cold and unfeeling precepts to be obeyed, — when fond affection prompts, and love commands and authorizes the deviation?

—— Ask the faithful youth,  
 Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd  
 So often fills his arms; so often draws  
 His lonely footsteps, silent and unseen,

To



To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?  
O he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds,  
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego  
Those sacred hours, when stealing from the noise  
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths,  
With virtues kindest looks his aching breast,  
And turns his tears to rapture.

LET-

AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE. 165

LETTER XXXIV.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

GEORGE SAVILLE, ESQ.

AVIGNON.

I AM at present engaged in making some arrangements towards a settlement and provision for Salvador, as a reward for his faithful services to our family, to which

which in prosperous and in adverse fortune he adhered with unshaken constancy and fidelity; depraved as I know mankind to be, I am pleased in this instance of humble worth in the person of Salvador. This venerable and faithful domestic is such as our favourite Shakespeare describes in the person of Adam.

Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world;  
When service sweat for duty not for need!  
Thou art not of the fashion of those times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion;  
And, having that, do cloak their service up  
Even with the having——

CHARLES FALKLAND.

L E T-

LETTER XXXV.

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

T O

GEORGE LENOX, Esq.

AVIGNON.

I AM now to acquaint you of  
the result of my interview  
with Count D \* \* \* \* \*. I have  
before intimated to you the high  
degree in which my father was  
honoured

honoured with his friendship and patronage. — He has presented me with an appointment in the regiment of Auvergnè; — and, as he expresses it, “with a view to the advancement of my fortune.” — I am to attend him at Paris the ensuing month. — But, for me, my friend, those views which constitute the incessant objects of human desires and human pursuits, have no allurements! — Ah! Lenox! I dread the disclosure of that passion which consumes me! I shrink from the communication of my weakness! I anticipate your frowns! your severe remonstrances!

Philosophy!



Philosophy ! parent of virtue !  
why, rigid and austere proscribe  
the noblest and the best of pas-  
sions ! is it a proof of thy strength  
or weakness ! for assuredly wisdom  
is then most attractive, when de-  
scending from its elevated state,  
and divested of its severity, it is  
attempered and embellished by the  
influence of love !

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

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LETTER XXXVI.

GEORGE LENOX, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

LITCHFIELD.

**H**OW long will Falkland continue to resist the remonstrances of his friend? How long continue to cherish and indulge a passion which consumes and destroys

stroy him? — Why remain secluded from the world? Why in soft and inglorious captivity forego those honourable distinctions of fame and fortune, to which his birth and merit entitle him to aspire?

When I reflect on the disgraceful weakness to which you submit, an involuntary blush glows in my cheek, and my bosom swells with indignation, shame and sorrow! The passion which unmans and debases you, is, of all others, that which most tends to the destruction of whatever is good, whatever is great; — it is the

cor-

corrupter of virtue, the bane of  
society ! That noble vigour of  
mind, inciting to great and heroic  
actions ; that divine fire which  
cloathes the soul ; that emanation  
from the divinity, which raiseth  
and exalts its powers, languishes  
and dies under the influence of  
love !

Go soft enthusiast, quit the Cypress groves,  
Nor to the rivulets lonely moanings tune  
Your sad complaint ; go, seek the chearful  
haunts

Of men ; and mingle with the bustling crowd ;  
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame,  
the wish

Of noble minds, and push them night and day,  
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes

New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,  
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Appennines,  
Or more advent'rous rush into the field  
Where war grows hot ; and, raging thro' the sky,  
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul ;  
And in the hardy camp, and toilsome march,  
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

GEORGE LENOX,



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LETTER XXXVII.

GEORGE LENOX, Esq.

TO

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

( INCLOSED )

ON EXILE\*.

**D**ISSIPATION of mind, and  
length of time, are the re-  
medies to which the greatest part  
of mankind trust in their afflictions.

\* Whether the philosophic friend of Falk-  
land, adopted in *all its parts* the system of the  
noble

But the first of these works a temporary, the other a slow, effect: and both are unworthy of a wise man. Are we to fly from ourselves, that we may fly from our misfortunes; and fondly to imagine, that the disease is cured because we find means to get some moments of respite from pain?

noble writer from whose works he has taken this consolatory present, is a point as immaterial to the reader, as the extract itself is unessential to the story. — But it is surely the noblest present which mankind ever yet received from philosophic wisdom, and as such it is retained. The reader, who happily does not require the consolation it affords, may pass it over, or peruse it, as he thinks proper.

Or shall we expect from time, the physician of brutes, a lingering and uncertain deliverance? Shall we wait to be happy, till we can forget that we are miserable, and owe to the weakness of our faculties a tranquillity which ought to be the effect of their strength? Far otherwise. — Let us set all our past and present afflictions at once before our eyes. Let us resolve to overcome them, instead of flying from them, or wearing out the sense of them by long and ignominious patience. Instead of palliating remedies, let us use the incision knife and the caustic, search

search the wound to the bottom, and work an immediate and radical cure.

Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable part can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best, is safest; lies out of the reach of human power; can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature, the world; such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, whereof it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably

ours, and as long as we remain in one we shall enjoy the other. Let us march therefore intrepidly wherever we are led by the course of human accidents : wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers ; we shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices, flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to the



the infinite variety of laws and customs, which are established for the same universal end, the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolution of seasons, and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be every where spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets which roll like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun ; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in

the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds, which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.

The darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us; some graze against us, and fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring, the tribute which

which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and here to men more savage than the beasts: and if we escape the inconveniencies and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change; but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and vir-

tuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of nature, who governs her great kingdom the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with nature. The best resolution we can take, is to suffer what we cannot alter, and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out for us: for it is not enough to follow; and he is  
but

but a bad foldier who fighs, and marches on with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit and chearfulness, and not endeavour to flink out of that post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God, who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses, which are going to lose part of their grace and energy in my translation of them.

Parent of nature! Master of the world!

Where'er thy Providence directs, behold

H 6

My



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My steps, with chearful resignation turn.  
Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on:  
Why should I grieve, when grieving, I must  
bear?  
Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might  
share?

GEORGE LENOX.

L E T.

LETTER XXXVIII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

AVIGNON.

**I**N the bosom of love and friendship, I have hitherto sought that sweet oblivion, that protective influence, which weakened or repelled the shocks of misfortune,  
but

but these comforts recede ! — —

Mournful absence ! cruel separation ! unvaried themes of the unnumbered letters which, since fate severed me from Louisa, I have written to her : — but each fond complaint — each tender remonstrance are unheeded ! — Day succeeds day in anxious suspense, and painful apprehensions ; — every moment lessens even hope's illusive comforts ! — To me they are now become as the transient gleams which enlighten the gloom of night, when the face of heaven is involved in darkness and storms.

The

AND MISS LOUISA SAVILLE. 183

The bearer of this letter is a confidential friend. — Your answer will determine and fix my fate.

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET-

LETTER XXXIX.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

TO

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE.

AVIGNON:

**L**OUISA conspires against me!

Louisa seconds the malevolence of fortune! — But whither doth passion lead me? — Louisa cannot be untrue! — Some fatal  
and



and unknown event has produced this consummation of unhappiness, this insuperable infelicity, flowing from disappointed passion, and the cheerless miseries of exile.

Amidst silence and solitude I revolve those scenes of passionate bliss, which marked the beginning and progress of our loves.—Recall the hours when our souls mixed with other in the delicious interchange of mutual vows. Those local ideas endeared by thee, and indelibly imprinted on my mind—not a link of that chain, which, formed by love, collects and associates every thought inspired by passion,

passion, shall be lost or broken. Fond remembrance at this moment presents — that arbour in which we have sat and contemplated the beauties of the surrounding scene — those conversations, prolonged 'till the shades of night descended. — I see the solemn colouring of the magnificent scene, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill tops — the deep serene of the waters. — We sit under the shade, the pleasing gloom yet fills my imagination. — I hear the sound of the harpsichord touched by the fingers of Louisa; I hear her voice in melting and pathetic

thetic strains accompany it. The sweet and melancholy cadence vibrates on my ear.

In my walks I frequently visit the tomb of Laura. — Avignon presents those scenes so interesting to the lover of Louisa, scenes

Where Petrarch's sweet persuasion drew  
The tender woe from Laura's eye.

I viewed the hallowed earth that covers her remains, with those feelings which sympathetic love only can inspire. The tender and impassioned strains of Petrarch rushed on my remembrance, filling my soul with that sweet and  
tender

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tender enthusiasm, and melting it  
with those sensations flowing from

—— that sacred sense of woe,  
Which none but friends and lovers know.

Such too, as when in the vale  
of Vaucluse, I lately visited the  
place of Petrarch's retirement,  
where the incessant sigh, the con-  
stant tear, attested the violence of  
his passion, and the pangs of  
hopeless love : — and such, as when  
treading the rocks of Meillerie, I  
have contemplated those scenes de-  
scribed by the lover of Julia.

I have in Avignon one friend, on  
whose bosom I repose my griefs,  
and

and whose sympathy alleviates them; similarity of souls, similarity of fortunes, have ripened a casual acquaintance into an indissoluble union. — Aubigny has, like me, underwent the ordeal of calamity; like me — but the parallel is as yet, happily incomplete! that dreadful certainty is yet to come!

CHARLES FALKLAND.

LET.



LETTER XL

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

TO

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

**L**UCY delivers you this, — she will inform you of my situation, furrounded by spies, my words and actions noted, none in whom I may confide ; no friendly breast to impart my griefs — I  
lament

lament the absence of my Eleoner.—  
Falkland still silent ! Ah ! —— but  
hence unkind, unjust surmises !  
Falkland is constant to love and  
Louisa !

LOUISA SAVILLE.

LET.

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LETTER XLI.

GEORGE LENOX, Esq.

T O

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

LITCHFIELD.

**Y**OUR question “Whether adversity or prosperity operate most as the test of virtue?” has been generally determined on the part of the former, it is easy, whilst pleasure sheds her cheering influence

influence around us, and crowns the revolving hours with a succession of varied delights, to boast of those virtues, of which adversity constitutes the proper and peculiar trial, it is the exertion of prudence, fortitude, and their concomitant qualities, which enable the soul to resist calamity.

You accuse me of unkindness in the repeated remonstrances I make against the fatal passion which destroys your peace, impairs your health, and obstructs your fortune. If, my Falkland, the voice of friendship assumes on the occasion a tone of harshness

and severity, the cause must justify her. We grew together from infancy to manhood, congenial in our tempers and pursuits; you know the heart of Lenox, why misinterpret its sentiments? The language of friendship, is that of sincerity and truth. — Professions in which the terms of feeling and sympathy are so often perverted or prostituted, to conceal the corrupt or insensible heart, and gloss over coldness or perfidy, are peculiarly my aversion.

I shall continue this subject in a future letter — and conclude the present with observing, that the  
true



true and unpolluted source of sympathy is that heart whose affections tend but to promote the interests of humanity. We are taught to connect the idea of a soul endued with sensibility, with whatever constitutes the happiness or dignity of man, whatever is essential to maintain and cement the social system.—I say with Sterne, “ Dear sensibility ! source inexhausted ! ”

GEORGE LENOX.

LETTER XLII.

GEORGE LENOX, Esq.

TO

CHARLES FALKLAND, Esq.

LITCHFIELD.

SO rarely, my friend, are disinterested motives the origin of men's conduct, that the habit of concealing them under specious and plausible appearances, has almost banished truth and virtue, — in some measure justifying the assertions

tions of those who consider selfishness and malignity, the leading and predominant principles of human nature.

Even the common remedies of affliction are derived from the comparison of our own suffering with those of others. Ignorant of the source of their most inconsiderable ideas, innate pride and selfishness lead mankind to array in the garb, and dignify with the appendages of excellence, qualities which originate in the vilest and most degrading principles.

I have viewed, my friend, the extensive and varied picture of hu-

man life, — its brightnesſes and its glooms. — I have combined my own obſervations, with theirs, who guided by reaſon and philoſophy have penetrated the receſſes of the ſoul, with that impartial ſpirit of obſervation, which is the only true and unerring criterion by which judgment can determine or conclude.

My entrance into life, was diſtinguiſhed by thoſe qualities which the precepts of the moralift and the doctrines of the divine, repreſent as conſtituting at once the ſources and the preſervatives of virtue and felicity ; as rendering  
the

the soul independent of externals; affording it its own reward, in the consciousness of rectitude; and as commanding the love and esteem of mankind.

But I quickly found, that in *some* of their presumed effects these qualities had been falsely appreciated. The reasonings which are made from the same premises in the bosom of retirement, and in the midst of society, will often produce conclusions exactly opposite. These qualities which I had been taught to believe the sources of happiness and fortune, were found productive of infelicity and



disappointment, by the more prudent and discerning, they were held as strong indications of folly, as placing before every prospect of advancement unfurmountable obstacles ; and as being frequently the cause of contempt, misery and poverty.

Possessed of a competence which happily precluded the necessity of a debasing accommodation to such a system of life and manners, I contracted my views, and immediately withdrew from that vortex by which virtue, happiness, and fortune, were alike endangered. I left the busier scenes of life, with a  
mind

mind undebased and unpolluted, and yet susceptible of the pure and tranquil pleasures of reason and philosophy. Possessing in their native vigour every benevolent affection, — unimpaired by those causes which dispose to sour and dissocial misanthropy ; I have acquired that knowledge of the world which is most generally derived from sad and painful experience of its ills, and which disqualifies its objects for happiness, and, with principles vitiated or subverted, and minds oppressed by misery or remorse, sends them into solitude and sorrow.

Mankind, in the aggregate, may be compared to the Athenian, who, under a privation of reason, imagined that every vessel which arrived in the Piræus was his own. Human nature engaged in absurd and fallacious pursuits, at once directs its views falsely, and misapplies its powers. The mind embraces the delusions of fancy, the pleasing error is perpetuated, till the prospect terminates in disappointment, and often in misery and guilt. The attempt to reason them into a conviction of the futility and folly of their pursuits, would be as ill requited as the service of him  
who

who restored the Athenian to his senses. — It is the fault or fate of humanity, to overlook those certain means of happiness that are immediately within itself; to neglect and disesteem that of which the attainment is obvious and easy.

GEORGE LENOX.

LETTER XLIII.

CHARLES FALKLAND, ESQ.

T O

GEORGE LENOX, ESQ.

AVIGNON.

**L**OUISA another's!—and Falkland! — lives! —— Distraction! horror! — You would mitigate the sentence; you affect to doubt the truth of your intelligence.



gence. — Your friendship would qualify the deathful dregs of the cup of misery and woe ! Dire completion of my fears ! — But the conflict will quickly be over, the perturbations and passions, which agitate and distract me, will shortly subside — fixed in the silent gloom and anguish of despair, — I ruminate. — Dissolution ! — blest ultimate of ill ! — Peaceful, happy refuge from painful and hideous existence ! — the blow that terminates my life, shall also avenge me on the false, yet loved, Louisa ! — in her presence I will plunge the sword in  
my

my bosom — a bloody libation to  
her intended nuptials ! — But I  
linger — perhaps ev'n now — in-  
supportable thought ! — The fatal  
words which sever us for ever !  
by which she becomes another's !  
are pronounced, — the bridal —

CHARLES FALKLAND.

L E T-

LETTER XLIV.

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

T O

RICHARD WILMOT.

**S**URELY Venus, with her most  
auspicious aspects smiled on  
thy birth, and commanded that  
thou shouldst be eminently suc-  
cessful in those pursuits which  
engage her votaries ; and distin-  
guished by those characters which  
declare

declare the favouring influence of the goddess.

Few have outdone Wilmot in the ardour of his zeal, or exceeded him in the number of fair sacrifices which he hath consecrated to the service of the Cyprian deity ; but in what designs are thy powers now exerted ? What new objects are about to encrease the number of thy triumphs ? — Or, art thou, fatiated with glorious success, determined, like those heroes of old ; whose pre-eminence in war and policy, have acquired them unfading honours ; to withdraw into retirement and repose, under

under the shade of your *myrtles*?  
Or, do you, like a true veteran,  
still keep the field, resolved that  
the close of your life shall be  
marked by the same noble con-  
sistency that hath distinguished its  
progress?

How often hast thou obtained  
for me the accomplishment of  
those wishes, which my soul in  
its most hopeful moments scarcely  
dared to expect! How oft hath  
thy more than magic influence,  
melted into soft compliance, and  
inspired with the ardour of vehe-  
ment



ment passion, the cold and reluctant fair one? How oft hath thy deep laid schemes, thy subtle contrivances, enabled the blooming fair, "impatient for the joy," to elude the vigilance of her keepers, and obey the impulse of love? — Never hast thou failed. Like Marlborough ever, unsubdued, ever successful. How oft hath the soft and persuasive insinuation, the bewitching glance, and all the potent aids of love concurred to seduce the tender and yielding maid; thou, as Venus's high-priest, leading her to the initiating her into the

the mysterious rites of the goddesses !

Having thus paid you the tribute of praise, which is so justly your due. — I now demand your assistance in an arduous affair, it is indeed a service worthy of Wilmot's justly acquired renown, such as, if successful, will crown a long series of brilliant achievements. — He may then, “ full of age, and full of honours,” retire, having closed his career of glory. — Meet me this evening, at the hour of five precisely, and at the usual place,

“ then

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“ then and there to confer on  
“ matters of high importance and  
“ concernment,” — as the *wise*  
*beads* of the nation say.

EDWARD GORDON.

LET-

LETTER XLV.

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

TO

RICHARD WILMOT.

**T**HOUGH I cannot charge  
Wilmot with remissness, or  
mismanagement, well knowing the  
invariable attention, the unremit-  
ting vigilance, the persevering toil  
with

with which he pursues his purposes to completion ; — there is, however, somewhat wrong ; I suspect the treachery, or what is equally dangerous, the blunders of our emissary at Saville's : have you been tardy in closing with the reward demanded ; have you dealt forth the powerful agent, gold, persuasive, potent gold, with too sparing a hand ? — The apprehension, that at the moment when our long series of labours are upon the point of being crowned with success, some sinister event may intervene, and frustrate our designs, alarms me. I know  
that



that a letter from Falkland was received by Miss Saville yesterday, nor has any answer to those fictitious scrolls we lately composed, been received from that quarter. Some master wheel, in this nice and complicated machine of ours, stands, or is out of order: be it your care to remove my fears, and clear my doubts. — You are in no small degree interested in the event; how must your well-earned reputation suffer, by a failure in a design, to the effectuating which, all your abilities, all the resources of your genius, have been devoted; a failure that must  
deprive

deprive you at once of the reward and honour due to your toils;— have a meeting with our agent at Saville Hall; — come to an immediate explanation with him; — observe him, if he wavers, or discovers a disposition to betray us; we shall then concert together the means of preventing his intentions, and of assigning him the *due* reward of his *fidelity*.

EDWARD GORDON.

LET-

LETTER XLVI.

Miss LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

Miss ELEONER HOWARD.

**N**O! never will your Louisa  
consent to the hated union,  
however, as you argue, the silence  
and neglect of Falkland may justify  
me; — had I the most convinc-  
Vol. I. K ing

ing proofs of his infidelity, the greatness of my passion would almost prompt me to disbelieve the evidence of my senses, and an idea at once destructive of happiness and life, should, if possible, be for ever excluded. —

Falkland ! even now, perhaps calms his troubled soul with the idea of his Louisa's constancy, and fondly anticipates the hour, when fate, remitting its asperity, will allow us to realize those hopes hitherto dashed with woe and disappointment. — And shall I render them abortive ? — No ! the authority of my uncle, —  
the

the stern denunciation of his  
wrath, shall be disobeyed and  
endured.

LOUISA SAVILLE.



LETTER XLVII.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

TO

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

**H**OW dissimilar your reason-  
ings to mine ! and how in-  
applicable to the feelings of my  
heart ! Love disdains, rejects, the  
cold and insensible dictates of rea-  
son, governs its votaries by pecu-  
liar

liar laws, disowning every authority which is not derived from these. — If Falkland lives, he is constant to Louisa. — It shall be mine to cherish his remembrance, and preserve inviolate and undiminished, that passion which engrosses my soul, and which can never be transferred to another.

LOUISA.

LETTER XLVIII.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

**M**Y uncle has been with me,  
he found me, as usual,  
averse to every overture which he  
made in favour of his friend.

When

When I but for a moment forget Falkland, my heart reproaches me. — Forgive, ever dear, regretted object of my love, the transient, the involuntary inconstancy, on thee rest my affections, on thee every hope of felicity; if I for a moment forget thee, 'tis that every circumstance of our loves, collected and combined, may fill my soul. — The string that sends the arrow from the bow is drawn to the head, but to return with greater force to its place.

LOUISA.

LETTER XLIX.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

TO

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

**Y**OU mistake, — truly to judge  
of love; its influence must  
be felt, its true, my Eleoner;  
that appearances warrant your  
opinion, but that passion, so sud-  
denly kindled, so violent, so ve-  
hement,



hement, which seized my mind, engrossed every thought, and hurried me with resistless force towards the object of its affections, flighting at once danger and difficulty, is still unabated. — If its more violent emotions have subsided, it is because the passion excluding aught else, entirely possesses my heart; those agitations have sublimed and perfected my love; as the torrent, whilst its course is impeded, rushes along with noise and fury; — but soon, no longer opposed, presents a still and unruffled surface: — My soul is now prepared to struggle with

calamity, and to preserve and vindicate its object, a gloomy resolution in spirits and arms me.

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER L.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

**T**HE hour approaches! —

Love and Falkland will  
soon demand their sacrifice. —

Divinity of Love! aid and sup-  
port me! — And thou, beloved.

K 6

object

object of my affections ! if, as thou hast often assured me, there exists a sympathetic power, which, favouring the pure union of kindred souls, doth communicate to each, independent of time and space, their mutual feelings. — May thy guardian spirit hover o'er and protect me !

LOUISA.

L E T-

LETTER LI.

MISS LOUISA SAVILLE,

T O

MISS ELEONER HOWARD.

**T**O-morrow is fixed to celebrate the hated union ;—all around me are busied in preparations ; — to me they appear with the melancholy aspect of funeral rites.



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rites. — I fly from hence — perhaps to encounter ills, which, however great, bear not comparison with those that now impend.

LOUISA.

LET-

LETTER LII.

EDWARD GORDON, ESQ.

TO

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

Glorious hypocrisy! What fools are they  
Who, led by love, or proud ambitious views,  
Wear not thy specious mask.

SO said the prophet of the  
Moslems, and so say I; hy-  
pocrisy and dissimulation, Frank,  
are as useful in love as they are  
in religion, both serve equally  
well

well to bait those hooks which are thrown out to catch the silly gudgeons of virtue and morality.

The world, my friend, is a school of practical hypocrisy ; society, a state of warfare ; and force or fraud, the alternate and eternal arbiters of human affairs. Those qualities, to which ignorance or enthusiasm annex ideas or epithets of purity and perfection, are but more refined and disguised degrees of vice or folly. — Love, for instance, that pure, exalted, ennobling, — that *indefinable* passion, is — lust. Virtue, justice, prudence, and the whole *etcetera*, are  
mere

mere terms devised by knavery and villany, to allure and entrap simplicity and folly.

Allow me to state some particulars touching the present object of my addresses : some time before Falkland's departure for the Continent, he makes me the confident of his passion for the lady in question, a first rate beauty ; her fortune equivalent :— now, had not his exalted notions of the *excellencies* of truth and honour, biaſſed our friend a little upon this occasion, he must have ſeen an obvious consequence, — that of rivalry, in introducing  
me

me to the lady. — Falkland leaving England, I get into the good graces of Miss Louisa's uncle, and obtain his consent to pay my addresses to his fair ward; she, however, is inflexible in rejecting them; but we shall, by and by, change our plan of operations, and apply some compulsory means to bring her over. — She is, indeed, of a disposition to which a little occasional coercion is necessary; she hath been under the preceptorship of Mr. Falkland, totally vitiated; but I trust this charmer will, ere she and I are long united, change her present romantic set of notions, for



for some of a more modern and fashionable cast. That which in the language of love and sentiment, is termed *possession of the heart*, is a point too abstracted for me to define or understand. Her person and fortune, are indeed subjects I can tolerably enough *opine* of; these I shall secure.

EDWARD GORDON.

LET-

LETTER LIII.

EDWARD GORDON, Esq.

TO

THE HON. FRANCIS WEBBER.

**E**NOUGH ! enough my friend !  
your enthusiasm is quite too  
powerful for me. — What a ho-  
mily ! which when I seen signed  
T. WEBBER, I rubbed my eyes,  
and, like Pyrrho, distrusted the evi-  
dence

dence of sense, supposing that the last night's vigil might have produced this wonder, I resolved to have some collateral evidence. I ring the bell, James enters, I shew him the name, which he pronounces to be indeed T. WEBBER ! I am satisfied ; — accept my congratulations ; be advised by me ; the transition is easy and common ; divest yourself immediately of your martial *insignia* ; assume that of clerical. I foresee your advancement to a mitre. Why man, our drone of a parson, when native dullness, united with the potent inspiration of his afternoon's pot ;  
never

never yet composed a better sermon for his yawning congregation. Are you regenerated? Does the congenial spirit of a Falkland animate you? or have you engaged in writing a system of ethics, and intend your last letter as a specimen? — But to be serious, tomorrow, notwithstanding all your “wise saws,” Frank, I marry Louisa Saville; every point is settled — but one, — the lady’s consent; — but this I am indifferent about; ’faith it is better not obviated, that we should be so unfashionable as to agree together, is an idea I dislike, besides, coyness  
and

and reluctance heighten enjoyment, a dull and unresisting surrender of her charms might disgust me; whereas aversion and opposition will, to me, who, you know, Frank, am an epicurean in pleasure; — give possession a peculiar zest.

EDWARD GORDON.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.